



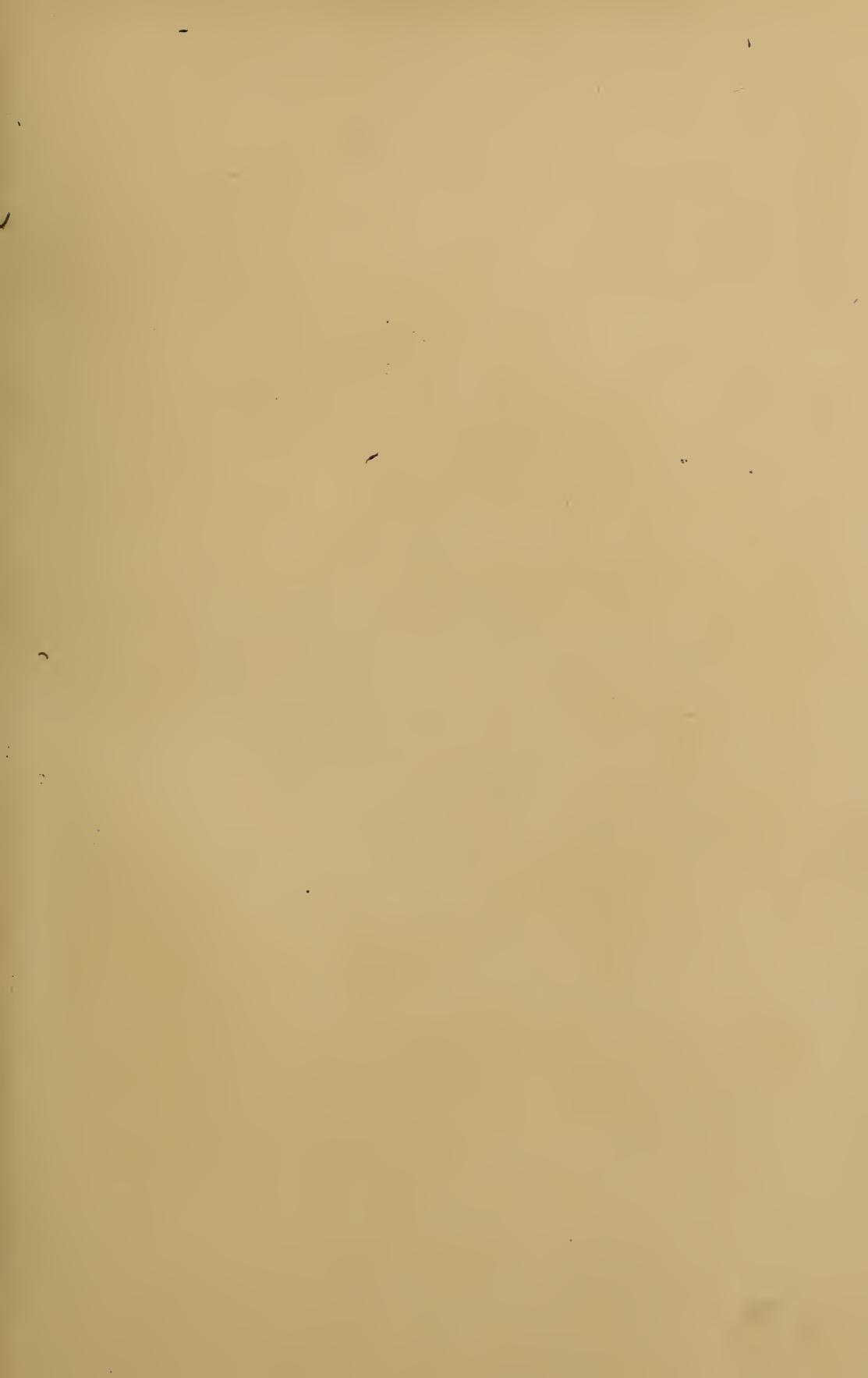
E. H. P.



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IN MEMORIAM.

E. H. P.

Compiled by Emily Ellen Price

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ELISABETH HELEN PIERCE.

ELISABETH HELEN, daughter of John and Mary Mackie (Burgess) Kingsbury, was born June 19, 1840, in Providence, R. I. She lived in that city, in her father's family, until her marriage, April 19, 1865, to Edward L. Pierce; and from that time her home was in Milton, Mass. She died of pneumonia, March 30, 1880. This Memorial is privately printed for her family and intimate friends.



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A TRIBUTE.

THE following tribute from Rev. JAMES G. VOSE, D.D., was published in the "Providence Journal," April 5, 1880:—

"The brief announcement in the papers of the death of Mrs. Edward L. Pierce, of Milton, Mass., gives small hint to the community in general of the heavy loss sustained by her family and the friends to whom she was endeared. Born in Providence, and living here through her school-days and the associations of youth, she formed deep attachments which can never be forgotten. Tender memories will be awakened in many hearts among those who, though separated from her

for long years, can bring back without effort the picture of those blended qualities which made her youth so charming and full of promise. Her father's school was the centre of all that was bright and earnest in youthful studies, and gained no common impulse from the filial sympathy and ardor with which she entered into all its interests. Not in school only, but in the church and in social life, she endeared herself to all about her, and exerted a gentle but strong influence.

“Her marriage took place fifteen years ago, and she removed at once to her husband's home in Milton, Mass. That unique and beautiful town, lying on the edge of a great city, but possessing its own independent life, its interesting historical associations, and its rare natural beauty, secured at once her warm attachment, and remained her loved home to the last. Coming as a bride in all her early beauty, she could not help but win the kindly

sympathy of all. As her children grew up about her, she developed more and more those remarkable qualities which came to her by inheritance, and which were founded in true Christian principle. A firm believer in the gospel of Christ, she manifested her religion in ways that won increasing respect. Strong in her convictions of duty, deep in her Christian experience, fearless in upholding her principles in all company and under all circumstances, she had the gentlest tolerance for all. To her friends who knew her intimately she was an unceasing marvel, in the amount and variety of her usefulness. Surrounded by a large family, it was truly admirable to see the grace and ease with which she presided over her household, mindful of every want, clear in her judgments, ready for all emergencies. Blessed with extraordinary health, she imparted life and energy to all about her. Skilful in all do-

mestic handiwork, she was deeply interested in the children's studies, and in all that could store and cultivate their minds. And when she had found time for all this, there seemed enough remaining for reading and study. Possessed of rare literary taste and delicate intuition, she entered ardently into subjects of criticism, and her judgments on questions of taste and propriety were of rare worth.

" Such was Mrs. Pierce in the home which she has left desolate. It was a hospitable home, where many guests assembled of distinguished rank and name, as well as friends and neighbors of every condition, whose worth secured her regard. She was full of public spirit, and identified herself with all good causes. The poor shared her sympathy, and paid warm tribute to her character. The distressed and the tempted, even the criminal, bore witness to her generous efforts to rescue and to save. To those who

knew her not these may seem the words of hasty exaggeration; but the hand of love can draw no picture of womanly excellence and grace which shall seem fair enough for her true likeness. So many little courtesies and acts of Christian kindliness are treasured in the hearts of those who met her in daily life, that we can but be reminded of those lines of Lowell, written of one too early mourned :

“ Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

“ She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise :
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.”

“ Alas ! that so much loveliness should pass away from earth. Alas ! that her sudden departure should be needed to engrave upon

our hearts so sharply the impress of her worth. It is a mystery too great for human thought that a mother so beloved should be called to leave her work in the ripeness of her experience. But her own unquestioning faith, her brave purpose to do and suffer God's will with silent devotion, may be the best answer to all our doubts. It cannot be that God called her to all the usefulness of life, and to the fulfilment of its sacred ministries, without providing also for blessed influences still to hallow her memory, and to be a benediction on the broken hearts she has left behind."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I CANNOT remember the time when we did not play together with our dolls and toys in the baby-house now in your nursery, which Mr. Kingsbury made for his children, and one similar to it which my father made for us. . . . Lizzie went to school a few months before I did, and for a long time I felt that she was so far beyond me I should never overtake her.

She always called for us, and we walked to and from school together. We never went to but two schools,—Miss Eddy's and Mr. Kingsbury's. She was a thorough, conscientious scholar, and seldom failed in lessons, though she never appeared to be studying

hard or made a fuss about doing anything. That was one remarkable trait,—the ease with which everything seemed to be done; and yet it was almost certain that everything would be done in time, and well done. After she grew older, and especially after she became a member of the church, her temper, which was not naturally placid, softened very much; and every year she gained more and more self-control. Her brother Henry's death was a very sore trial to her; for she was greatly devoted to him, giving much of her spare time in the evenings to reading to him, and playing chess with him, and doing all in her power to make home pleasant to him as well as to the other younger ones. Our home in Providence was broken up soon after her marriage, and I saw much less of her afterwards. I went away from home about that time, and after that saw her comparatively little; but there was always the

same sense of security in her friendship. She gave me the impression of being as thoroughly happy and satisfied in her married life as it was possible for any one to be; and I think she enjoyed the independence and responsibility which you were always glad to give her.

I shall be only too glad if anything I have said will help to preserve in the minds of the children the memory of so wise and loving a mother.

M. G.

FITCHBURG, Oct. 29, 1880.

One night I lay awake for hours, in spite of myself composing a picture which might portray the rare and beautiful traits of the life which has illuminated and blessed your home. But when the morning came, the vision had departed; I could no longer paint

in words the features which, without any action on my part, had seemed to clothe themselves in fitting expressions the night before.

I feel that it is a privilege to have known Mrs. Pierce, even imperfectly as I did. There was something in her countenance which it does me good to remember. It calls up thoughts of sweetness and strength, of firmness of conviction and tender affections,—a world of sympathy and a faith which threw over the whole mind and life, in softness and power, the infinity and holiness of the unseen realm in which it lived and had its being. Blessed memories and more blessed hopes be with you!

J. H. M.

MILTON, Aug. 31, 1880.

We all thank you sincerely for the beautiful photograph which you have sent us, and which we shall keep among our choicest treasures of the kind. It brings up to us a face which it was always a pleasure and a privilege to see; far more than almost any face that I have known, it told of the richness and beauty of the soul which illuminated the shrine from within, and made it holy.

J. H. M.

MILTON, Oct. 1, 1880.

In the only two interviews which I was ever favored to have with Mrs. Pierce I received such an impression of strong, rich, and beautiful LIFE, that I find it almost impossible to associate the idea of death with my memory of her. I shall never forget the

grace and cordiality with which she received me in your hospitable home, or the mingled dignity and urbanity with which she presided at the happy feast you gave to publisher, printer, and proof-reader. So marked and striking was her personality that it made a deep impression on me, which I have ever since been both able and glad often and easily to recall. She was a person whom to see once was always to be remembered,—alike in form and features, and in the obvious qualities of her character: No picture of her placed before my eyes could more vividly recall these to me than does my memory of that charming occasion in which she was so conspicuous a figure.

A. W. S.

CAMBRIDGE, April 15, 1880.

When I received the first shock of this loss, I was glad that you had taken me out to your home last summer and showed me your cherished abode, and enabled me to see and converse with Mrs. Pierce, and to see the household of health, beauty, order, dignity, and moral principle, so much of which she was, and over all of which she ruled. I do not know how much I said to you, but I felt glad for you, and did not fail to see and justify your pride and happiness. When I came to Paris, I told Mrs. Dana and my daughters how charmingly you were placed and surrounded; and now they are proportionately afflicted for you, and we speak often of you together. If your older children, whom I found so interesting and intelligent, have any recollection of me and my short visit that beautiful summer afternoon, pray give them my best wishes, and tell them that I

lost my mother at just about their age, and that she has been to me a vision of beauty and purity ever since,— which is more than fifty years. May it be so with them!

R. H. D.

PARIS, May 3, 1880.

It was only a few days ago,— perhaps on the day when she passed from earthly scenes,— that I had the beautiful picture of dear Mrs. Pierce on the table before me, looking into her lovely face, and feeling how happy I should be again to meet her. . . . I feel so grateful to have had that happy day with her at Milton, and to have seen you both surrounded by your lovely children. I shall never forget the proud mother-look which beamed from her beautiful face as she brought forward each lovely child.

M. K.

CINCINNATI, April 4, 1880.

She was one woman in a generation,— so wise, so gentle, so faithful, so true, so capable, so loving. Your interests were hers. We constantly speak of our little visits to you; and Dr. W. was always ready to accept your invitations, because he felt your wife was so true and genuine in her hospitality.

S. B. W.

CINCINNATI, April 6, 1880.

How much I have always admired and respected Mrs. Pierce I believe you know. She seemed to me the very noblest type of a wife and mother,— a true woman in all the relations of life.

A. C. W.

BOSTON, April 4, 1880.

Ever since we became acquainted with Mrs. Pierce she has held the highest place in our esteem for her many and admirable virtues, adorned by an exterior so gentle and attractive.

E. S. Q.

QUINCY, April 13, 1880.

She has always so filled the house with her love, her care, and her gentle, unobtrusive sympathy for all, that I cannot imagine it without her. She always seemed to me a perfect mother. I never came away after spending a day at your house without being filled with wonder and admiration at the influence she had over the children. Then when I think of you, I can only pray that her sweet influence may still fall around you.

It must be some comfort even now to feel how entirely you loved and appreciated her, and how conscious she was of it.

S. B. T.

CAMBRIDGE, April 10, 1880.

This I can say, — a sweeter, lovelier, more unselfish being never entered within the Golden Gate.

M. B. C.

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1880.

I should not have been able to give you a sympathy so profound and adequate, if I had not had the pleasure this winter of knowing her personally. I did not tell you when I saw you here what a fortunate man I thought you to possess such a wife. I found her so charming in mind, in person, and in manner;

so fitted to share in your highest pursuits, and yet with all the practical qualities so pre-eminently important in the wife of a man of letters. Of these last I had heard from —, who gave me the impression that she had a serene, methodical, controlling energy which always mastered her cares instead of allowing them to master her. This is a wonderful power, which perhaps we women can appreciate better than men, because we know all its difficulties. It is very rare, for it requires a fine temperament combined with great ability; but as you have always seen it manifested simply and naturally in her, you have no idea how very rare it is.

Mr. Bancroft begs me to assure you that he shares all my grief; and, indeed, we both feel it as a great personal loss.

E. B.

WASHINGTON, April 7, 1880.



WHEN we are seated in the pleasant room,
And look dim-eyed upon that vacant chair,
Our wistful gaze shall reach beyond the gloom,
And see by Faith her blessed spirit there.

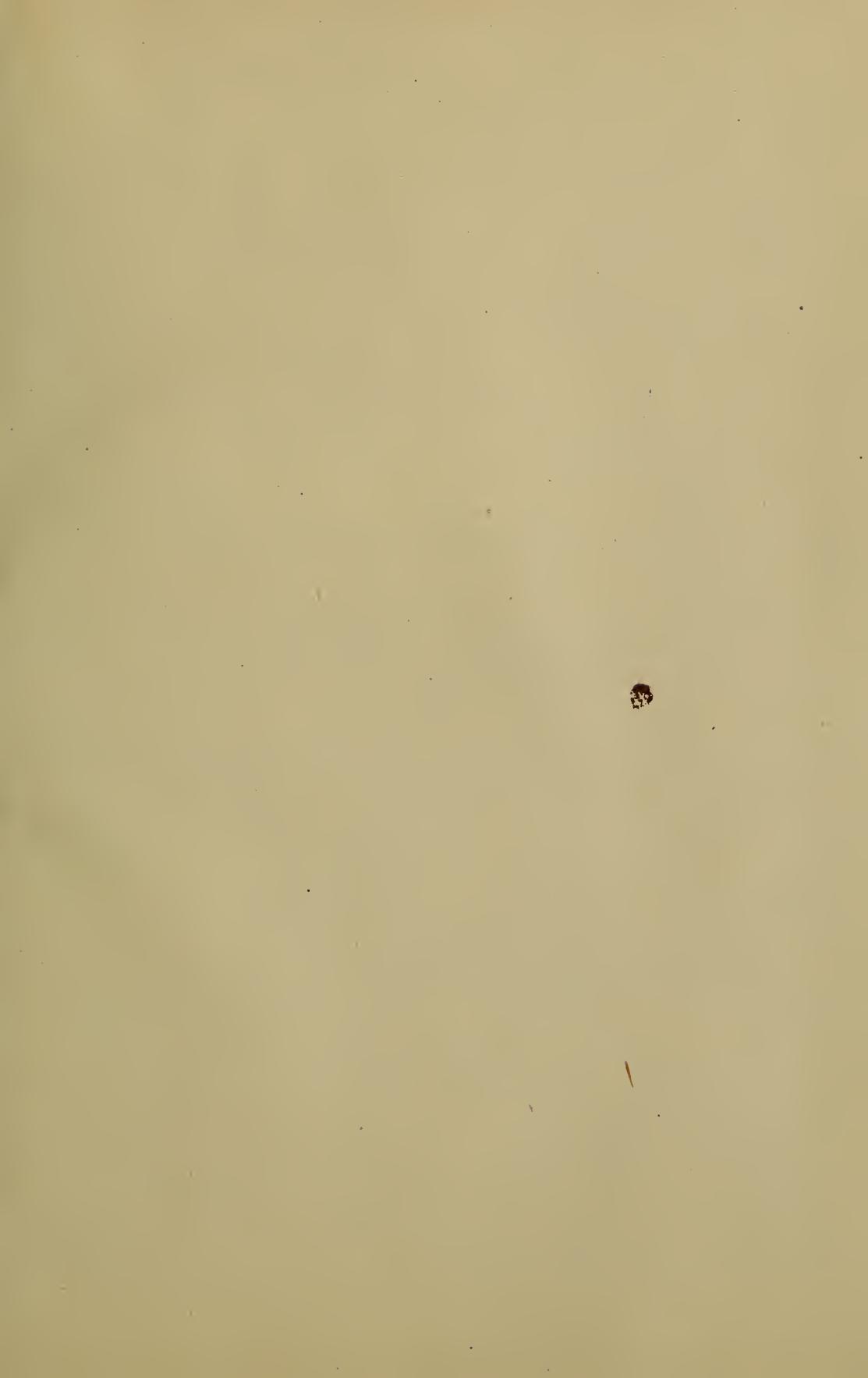
Her gracious presence as a boon was felt,
Her lovely face a benediction gave,
And gracious memories into tears must melt
When thinking of her in the darksome grave.

Not in the grave ! The portal she has passed ;
The golden gates have opened, and she stands,
More beautiful than when we saw her last,
Stretching to earth her loving, longing hands.

• • • • •
How can they live without a mother's love,
Without a mother's constant, tender care ?
Blessings from her, descending from above,
Will guide them here, and gently draw them there.

M. C. D. S.

MILTON, April 2, 1880.



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